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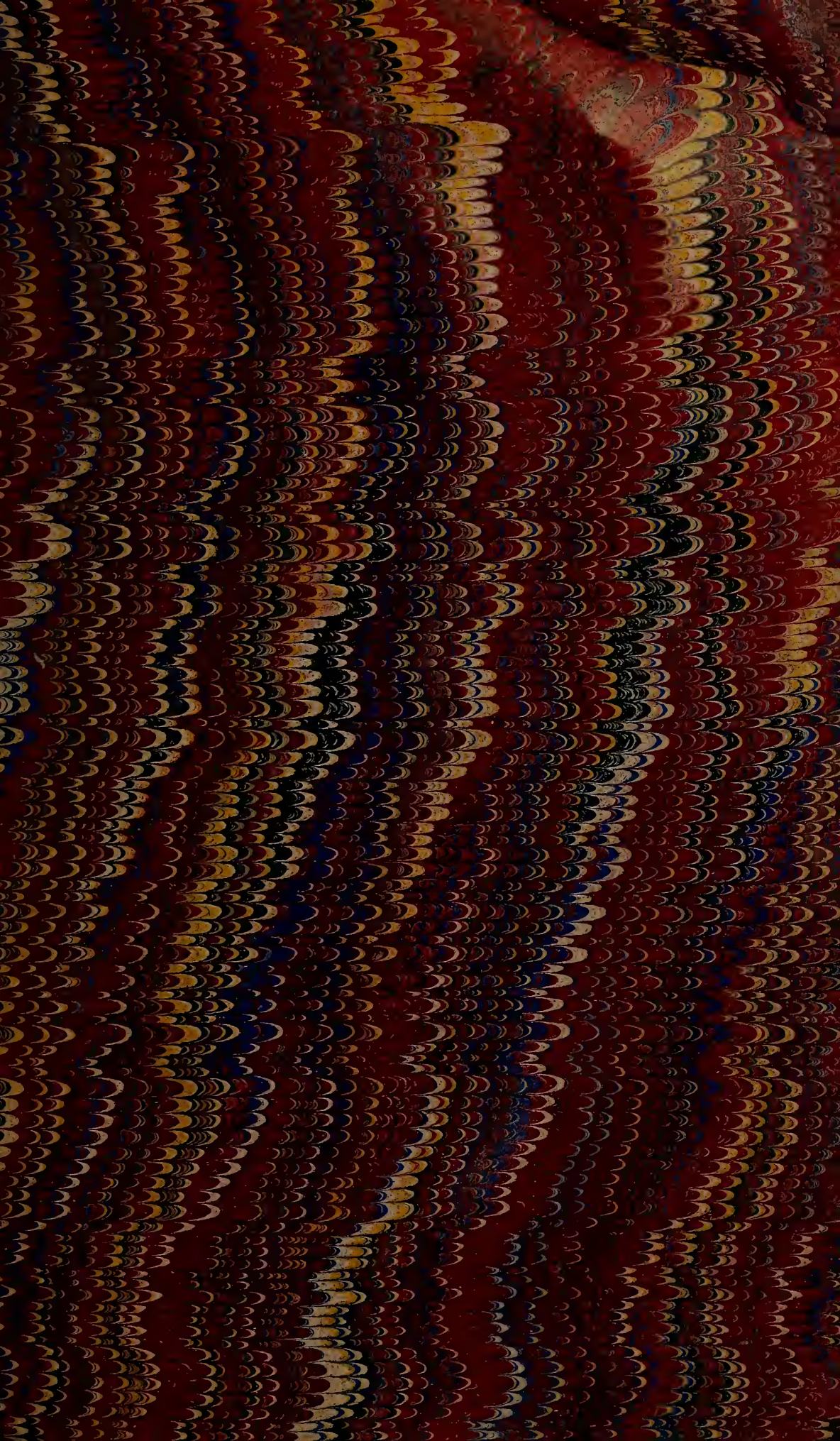

MEMOIR

OF

BENJAMIN HANOVER PUNCHARD,

THE FOUNDER

OF

THE PUNCHARD FREE SCHOOL,

ANDOVER, MASS.,

Who died April 4th, 1850, in the 51st year of his age.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE TOWN.

ANDOVER:
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INTRODUCTION.

The following documents, already constituting a portion of the history of Andover, must here be inserted, in order intelligently to introduce to the reader the subjoined memoir of the excellent individual who, by his munificence, has placed his fellow-townsmen under such imperative obligation to cherish his memory, to improve his benefactions, and to imitate his example.

"At a legal Town Meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town of Andover, held Nov. 11, 1850, the following Letter was presented to the Town for their consideration.

To the Selectmen of the Town of Andover.

Gentlemen : — The undersigned would respectfully represent, that, in the last Will and Testament of Benjamin H. Punchard, late of said Andover, Esquire, deceased, there is a Bequest, in the words following : —

"The residue of my property, not exceeding fifty thousand dollars, I give and bequeath to the Town of Andover, for the purpose of founding a Free School : forty thousand dollars for a permanent fund, for the support of said School, and ten thousand dollars for the necessary buildings, etc., providing that, at my decease, if there should not be the said amount of fifty thousand dollars after paying the amounts first devised, then the said balance to be kept at interest till the amount is fifty thousand dollars. Said School shall be under the direction of eight Trustees, of whom the Rector of Christ Church to be one ; also, the ministers of the South Parish and West Parish Congregational Societies to be members ; also, the remaining five to be chosen by the Inhabitants of Andover, in Town Meeting, to serve for three years ; two of whom to be taken from Christ Church Parish, two from the South Parish Society, and one from the West Parish Society. Said School to be free for all youths resident in Andover, under the restrictions of the Trustees, as to age and qualifications. No sectarian influence to be used in the School ; the Bible to be in daily use ; and the Lord's Prayer, in which the pupils shall join audibly with the teacher, in the morning, at the opening : the said Trustees to have the sole direction ; and power, also, to determine and decide whether the School shall be for males only, or for the benefit of both sexes. Said School to be located in the South Parish of Andover, but free for all the Parishes equally."

They would also represent, that there is a reversion of twenty thousand dollars, which is ultimately, by the terms of said Will, "to be paid over to the Trustees of the School, for which I have made provision in this instrument."

The Will aforesaid has been duly proved, approved, and allowed, and the undersigned, named in said instrument as the Executors thereof, have accepted the trust, and given the requisite bonds for the discharge of its duties.

They would farther represent, that they hope and believe the Estate will be sufficient to pay all the debts and legacies; and they expect to be ready to pay said legacy of Fifty Thousand Dollars in the course of the next spring.

Believing that it would be desirable for the Town to take some action upon this subject, at an early day, the undersigned have made their representations to your Board, in order that the matter might be laid before the Town, at their next regular meeting.

FRANCIS COGSWELL,
JOHN FLINT,
NATHAN FRYE.

Andover, Oct. 7, 1850.

The Town voted to refer the whole subject to the following gentlemen: N. W. Hazen, Esq., John Aiken, Esq., Dr. E. Sanborn, Dea. Solomon Holt, Mr. H. P. Chandler, Capt. Joseph Shattuck, Rev. B. Loring, Rev. P. Osgood, and Hon. G. P. Osgood, a Committee to report to the Town at an adjourned meeting.

Report of the Committee.

Dec. 16, 1850. — At the adjourned Town Meeting, the Committee submitted the following Resolutions, which were severally read, considered, and adopted by the Town: —

The Committee to whom was referred the whole subject relating to the Bequest made to the Town, in the last Will and Testament of the late Benjamin Hanover Punchard, Esquire, have had the same under their consideration, and report the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we gratefully accept the Donation bequeathed in the Will of our late townsman, Benjamin Hanover Punchard, Esquire, for the foundation and maintenance of a Free School in the South Parish in this Town; and we do, for ourselves and our successors, so far as in us lies, engage to execute faithfully the trust which this Bequest and its acceptance impose upon us and them.

2. That it becomes us, as the contemporaries of our Benefactor, to record our testimony, to all future time, that the fortune thus devoted to the pub-

lic use, was the gain of honest industry; that its acquisition left no stain upon the justice of its late owner; that his prosperity afforded fresh proof that his affairs are most successful whose conduct is governed by the strictest probity; and we do enjoin upon all who may be connected with this Charity, whether in its care and dispensation, or as sharing its benefits, the same rectitude which was uniformly displayed in his life, as the measure of their duty.

3. That the example afforded by Mr. Punchard, — in the fidelity with which he performed all his engagements; his assiduity and thoroughness in business; his charities; his purity; his prudence; his tenderness for the feelings, and his respect for the character, of others; his humble piety, and the depth of his religious devotion, as evinced by the terms of his Bequest, — should be constantly set before all the youth, who shall ever hereafter become the recipients of his bounty, for their imitation.

4. That we will cherish the memory of his many virtues; that we recognize the obligations conferred upon us by his enterprise and success in adding to the wealth, and increasing the prosperity, of the Town; and that we recommend to the Trustees under his Will, to whom he has so largely confided the superstructure of the School, to adopt the most effectual measures to associate his name and memory with the Institution which he has founded and so munificently endowed.

5. That Rev. Samuel Fuller, Samuel Farrar and Francis Cogswell, Esquires, be a Committee to prepare a Biographical Memoir of Mr. Punchard, and cause the same to be printed with the next Annual Report of the School Committee of the Town.

In order to carry into execution the designs of the said donor, and in pursuance of the provisions of his said Bequest, we do farther resolve —

6. That we choose, at this time, by ballot, five Trustees; and that said Trustees, with those designated in said Will, be authorized and requested to receive from the Executors thereof, all such sum and sums of money as may be now due and payable to this Town, under the provisions of said Will, or that may hereafter become so due and payable, and to give proper and valid receipts and discharges therefor to said Executors.

7. That the Trustees be directed to apply to the Session of the Legislature next ensuing, for the passage of the Draft annexed, into an Act of Incorporation.

8. That the Letter of the Executors, and this Report, be entered at length on the Records of the Town; and that the Town Clerk furnish a copy thereof to the widow of the deceased, and to the said Trustees, and a copy of said Resolutions and Draft to said Executors.

All which is respectfully submitted.

N. W. HAZEN, *for the Committee, Chairman.*"

The request contained in the Fifth of the above Resolutions, would have been complied with at an earlier date had it been sooner practicable to procure the necessary materials for the desired biographical sketch. These having at length been collected, the Committee gladly apply themselves to the pleasant task ; being prompted to it not only by their readiness ever to serve their fellow citizens to the extent of their ability, but also by profound respect and cherished affection for the lamented deceased.

Chapter I.

Ancestry, birth, and early life of Mr. Punchard.

Benjamin Hanover Punchard, whose personal virtues, as well as liberal bequests, have imperishably associated his name with the two Andovers, was born in the city of Salem, Essex county, Massachusetts, on the 16th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1799.

His parents were William Punchard and Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Hanover, of Marblehead.

William Punchard led a seafaring life, and was successively commander of several merchant vessels, which sailed from the port of Salem.

Miss Hanover was his second wife, and survived her only husband nearly thirty years. She died, aged eighty, August 10, 1838, in Andover, at the house of her only son, by whom she now reposes, near the remains, also, of her only daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Derby, in the grave-yard of the Episcopal church in this village.

Benjamin Punchard, the grandfather of Benjamin Hanover Punchard, likewise resided in Salem, as did his great-grandfather; the latter removing thither from Lyndeborough, New Hampshire, although the family had previously been in Salem; the name of William Punchard there appearing as early as the year 1680; to which place the Punchards originally came, in that century, from the Island of Jersey, near the coast of France.

More recently, the Hanovers emigrated from England; the maternal grandfather of the subject of this memoir having removed from that country to Marblehead.

From his birth until his fifteenth year, B. H. Punchard lived in Salem. Some portion of the time he attended the common school, taught by Master Hacker; but afterwards was a member of a private school, under the care of Mr. Joseph E. Worcester, subsequently the celebrated English Lexicographer. He also attended the school connected with the

Tabernacle Church, and taught by the late Rev. Edward L. Parker, of Derry, New Hampshire.

Early characterized by intelligence and aptness to learn, Mr. Punchard was always a bright and good scholar; and whatever might be the study pursued, stood at the head of his class, learning his studies so well, that he never forgot them. In consequence, he, from his youth, was a fluent reader, wrote a distinct and ready hand, and made rapid proficiency in mathematical pursuits, of which he was fond: attainments and preferences which, in after years, contributed greatly to his success in business.

When he reached his tenth year, he lost his father; and, in two years more, he left school altogether. At this time, some of the friends of the bereaved family proposed that he should be put to some handicraft occupation; but his judicious mother, who appreciated the capacities of her promising son, preferred to procure for him the situation of writer and copyist in the office of his relative, the late John Punchard, Esq., of whom he learned Book-keeping, and whose wise and pious counsels did much towards forming his opening character.

Chapter II.

Entrance upon business. Residence in Boston. Failure of health. Removal to Andover. Visits the South.

At the premature age of fifteen, premature for the consolidation and subsequent vigor of his physical constitution, he obtained a clerkship; entering the office of his cousin, Joseph Ballister, a broker in Boston; and from this time he, by his acceptable labors, wholly supported himself; thus realizing the old theory respecting a young man's minority, that during its latter portion he ought, by his own exertions, to relieve his parents of all burden on his account.

He was afterwards clerk in a wholesale West India store, where his energy, activity, skill, and diligence were such that unassisted he kept three sets of account books by double entry: a herculean task, which we may believe laid the foundation

of his suffering, invalid life, and cut short his days some twenty years.

Of the motives which, at this time, swayed him and nerved him for his slavish toil, we can now know nothing; and yet we may suppose, that the desire to provide for his widowed mother and dependent sister, must have been among the influences which brought him early to his perplexing desk, and kept him until late at night.

A clerk who served him thus faithfully, would be eagerly retained by his employer, and advanced to a higher position; and accordingly we find that when Mr. Punchard had been in these clerkships five years, and had completed his twentieth year, he became a partner in the West India house which he had, in a subordinate capacity, helped so efficiently.

Thus actually in business for himself before he had attained his majority, he continued in partnership with Mr. J. W. Trull, his former employer; receiving, from year to year, large returns for his devoted pains, until he was compelled, by utter prostration of his strength, to relinquish all employment, and retire from the lucrative concern.

Although, ten years previous, he had come to Boston a pennyless boy, he withdrew from the city, comparatively a rich man; having, during the time, acquired the pecuniary means which enabled him to prosecute other business enterprises with memorable success.

It was in the spring of 1827 that Mr. Punchard first came to Andover, the town which was to be so highly favored by his labors, example, and benefactions; and where his sleeping dust will repose until the morning of the general resurrection.

He brought his mother with him; occupied, with her, a rented tenement in High Street, kept house, and passed his time in endeavoring to recruit his shattered health.

It is from this date that, through his carefully written and minute journals, we begin to have an insight into his mind, tastes, and dispositions. He, no doubt, had a painful recollection of those sets of Boston account-books, and his weak-

ened frame retained their impression through life; but as ledgers disclose few traits of character beyond mental accuracy and manual neatness, they would not aid us in our present effort to unfold the man, even could we recover the well filled leaves. When, however, we read the record, by his own hand, of his daily life, as he works in his garden, rambles in the fields, rides, in his own conveyance, to adjacent towns and villages, and even to distant as well as adjoining States, the living, moving, observing, thinking, reflecting, feeling individual is with us; and although his voice does not speak, as when it was our satisfaction to listen to his words of sympathy and encouragement, his soul is opened to our view, and we shall prove unskilful limners, if we do not sketch in such a way that others, too, may see.

We discover, from perusing his diaries, that Mr. Punchard was a very close observer of every object and transaction which fell under his notice: the state of the weather; the direction of the wind; the character of the lightning; the occurrence of rain and snow; the times of planting, sowing, and gathering; the fragrance of flowers and blossoms; the appearance of grasses, vines, fruit, grain, and trees; the size and brilliancy of the moon; and the motions of animals. He was fond of rambling in the fields and woods, and gathering the productions of nature; showing that he was truly one of her admirers. He also had an eye to architectural proportion and beauty; while, at the same time, the man of business appears at every step. Nothing escaped his open and keen eye; and the results of his observation he treasured in his recollection for future use.

In this way, he spent his first summer in Andover.

His health remaining delicate, he in the autumn resolved upon a sea-voyage, which from his experience, while sailing from Boston to Charleston, S. C., must often be a most distressing remedy, if remedy it be, for an impaired constitution. So enfeebled was he, by his sea-sickness of some ten or twelve days, that when the vessel reached the wharf at Charleston, he was unable to walk, and was obliged to be borne by others to a hotel.

So soon as his health was restored, he is the same observing man and lover of nature he was before he left New England. He gathers roses from gardens in the vicinity of the city ; and then, with the eye of a merchant and the heart of a philanthropist, minutes the arrivals and the number of vessels, as well as the amount of imports, attends the slave-auctions, records the prices, and deplores the existence of slavery.

As the spring of 1828 opened, he, in his own carriage, sets his face towards the North ; and, with a mind for facts and statistics, eyes as he passes, successively, through Columbia, Camden, and Cheraw, in S. C. ; Fayetteville and Halifax, N. C. ; Petersburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Alexandria, Va. ; the wild birds, as they crossed his track, or sung in the forests ; numbers the stores, churches, public buildings, as well as the shops and mills ; in short, whatever would add to his stock of information, finds a place in his journal. Deprived, in his youth, of the advantages of schools and books, he was, as it appears, diligently acting as a self-educator, using his own powers of observation, and thinking and judging for himself.

This is, indeed, a very essential part in all education. So let the favored pupils who, from time to time, enjoy his bounty, ever remember. Let them traverse the hills and vallies of Andover with the same searching eyes as he traversed our ancient township, and if they are allowed to travel, let them journey with their minds awake to everything that presents itself ; and, like him, they will not merely gather new stores of knowledge, but will acquire that most important possession, the power of self-reliance and independent judgment.

Chapter III.

Andover Bank.—Mercantile connection.—Marriage.—Town reminiscences.—Marland Manufacturing Company.

The same season Mr. Punchard returned home from South Carolina, in the spring of 1828, he became a large stockholder in the Andover Bank, which commenced operations two years before; and, at the time of his death, he had been, for many years, a prominent and influential Director of this institution, while, on one occasion, he had declined an election to its Presidency.

In the spring of 1829, he formed a mercantile connection with his brother-in-law, John Derby, and occupied the large wooden store at the beginning of Main Street, Andover, and near the Eagle Hotel. In this firm he continued for the term of five years.

October 14th, of this year, Mr. Punchard was married, by Rev. Milton Badger, pastor of the South Church, to Miss Martha Lawton, eldest daughter of the late Abraham Marland, who himself was a native of the North of England, and the father of the extensive flannel-manufacturing in this vicinity.

Here we may, to the enlightenment and gratification of some readers pause for a few moments, and contrast the Andover that then was, with the Andover that now is.

At that period, so unlike the present in many respects, there was not, as now, a wide and sweeping railroad, with double track, and its dozen daily trains, up and down, and extending, by two diverging routes, into every portion of New England, and to the distant Canadas; but those were days when students and teachers, academical and theological, merchants, business men, and travellers, rode over the Boston and Concord turnpike in stage coaches; and merchandise was dragged, over the same road, in huge six-horse wagons, which, when loaded and on their tedious way, looked like small houses, moving slowly away from their

former sites. People did not then go to Boston and Lawrence to buy necessaries and luxuries, but flocked to the village stores; and, in many instances, bartered the productions of their farms for imported articles. School Street, save as a road to the Hill, was a desolation; and Main Street had not half its present number of dwellings. The Stone Academy, where so many hundreds of candidates for college-life have since had their minds stored with classic lore, had not been projected. The only houses of Christian worship were the venerable Old South and the Seminary Chapel. The imposing city of Lawrence, with its teeming and increasing thousands, its castle-like factories, its chimnies incessantly sending forth curling columns of smoke, its numerous spires, its acres of working-rooms, and its scattered private seats overlooking, was a barren champaign, with only half-a-dozen poor houses ; and, at the old bridge, a rushing rapid, foaming over the opposing rocks. Methuen, on the northern ridge of the Merrimack, was the nearest village of any size, glancing across at Andover on the Northern slope of the valley, as her opposite neighbor, on the Southern, peered across at her.

Such was Andover of a bygone period, before the introduction of railways, which changed, not only our modes of conveyance, but also our methods of business and social condition; and when Mr. Punchard and his partner in trade prospered in a store which since has perished for want of patronage.

In the year 1834, the Marland Manufacturing Company was incorporated, and consisted of Mr. Abraham Marland, and his two sons, John and William Sykes, and his son-in-law, Mr. Punchard.

To the interests of this new establishment, Mr. Punchard devoted all his diversified energies, and remained in it until the day of his death, a period of sixteen years.

Messrs. John and William S. Marland, withdrawing from the Corporation after two years, and commencing manufacturing operations at Ballard Vale, the first of the kind in that village, Mr. Punchard's cares and labors were propor-

tionally increased. But temporal prosperity still attended him ; and it may be feared that he, at this time, sought no higher reward.

Chapter IV.

The establishment of the Protestant Episcopal church in Andover. Mr. Punchard's connection with it. Change of character.

Memorable, in the personal history of Mr. Punchard, must ever be the Sunday, in the summer of 1835, when the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, D. D., bishop of the diocese of Kentucky, officiated in the Bank Hall. It was the first time that the worship of Almighty God, according to the prescriptions of the Book of Common Prayer, was ever conducted in Andover ; while this incipient service led to the establishment of the parish of Christ Church in this village, and under the overruling providence and grace of our merciful Redeemer, to an entire change in the spiritual character of Mr. Punchard.

He was one of the individuals who, on Tuesday, July 28, 1835, met for the purpose of considering the expediency of forming themselves into a religious body ; and his name stands first among those then chosen as a Committee to take legal action towards the formation of the society.

The parish being duly organized on the 6th of August, by the appointment of two wardens and five vestrymen, the gentlemen engaged in the Christian enterprise resolved, early in the year 1836, to erect a church ; and among the original eighteen persons, who took portions of the joint stock, Mr. Punchard stands the second subscriber ; and his amount of shares is equalled but by one, his father-in-law, Abraham Marland.

The first summer after the consecration of the church, Oct. 31, 1837, Mr. Punchard was bereaved of his venerable mother, whose funeral, Aug. 12, 1838, was the first ever attended in the new house of God. To her he had ever been a kind and obedi-

ent child; her pride and comfort in his younger days, and her staff and support in her old age.

The afflictive bereavement proved to him a permanent spiritual blessing, greatly deepening the religious impressions he had, for several months, been receiving.

After the organization of the parish, and the completion and occupation of the church, he was, as he afterwards confessed, often constrained by the Spirit of the Lord, from whom "proceed all holy desires and all good counsels," secretly to ask, Why am I giving my labors, and paying my money, for this church, without myself participating in its spiritual blessings? There was no sufficient reason why he should not be blessed as well as many others, provided he truly repented of his sins, exercised confiding faith in the Son of God, and, in his strength, resolved to keep all his commandments. The venerable bishop Griswold had already confirmed and admitted to the holy communion twenty persons in the congregation; and their pious example, coöperating with the affliction Mr. Punchard was suffering, and the searching inquiries arising in his mind, were urgent and persuasive inducements for him to endeavor, by fervent and importunate prayers for the renewing grace of God, to prepare himself for the next administration of the Apostolic rite.

For successive generations, the Punchards were remarkable for their devoted piety; the Christian faith of the ancestors being, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, transmitted to their posterity.

At no period of his life, neither in his boyhood and youth, nor in his subsequent years, was Benjamin Hanover Punchard ever either immoral or profane, but always virtuous and reverential.

Most explicit and satisfactory is the following testimony of a distant relative, who knew him intimately for nearly forty years: — "His youth was unstained by any of the vices or indiscretions so common. He was ever, so far as I can remember, a sober, well behaved, moral, upright, and trustworthy young man. Perhaps no one charac-

teristic is more prominent in my recollections of him, than the habit of doing everything, which he undertook, *remarkably well.* Neatness, order, and exactness, were early and abiding traits of character, which were always conspicuous. He was, from his childhood, a thoughtful, cautious, self-reliant boy. The only son of his mother, and she a widow, left in comparatively straitened circumstances, he was early trained in that direction.

"After leaving Salem, he sustained the same character for integrity, promptness, and neatness in his work, that he had previously. I remember meeting, when a stout boy, one of his Boston employers, Mr. Danforth, I think; and being introduced as a cousin of Benjamin, Danforth immediately said: 'Well, I hope you are as likely a young man as he. If you are, you will do;' or to that effect.

"In his early life, his religious sensibilities were, I think, not particularly active. He was, strictly and consistently, moral and upright; and, on his outward exemplariness, I think, he rested. Yet he was far from undervaluing more active religious feelings. When my own mind was, about the year 1826, particularly arrested, and directed to the necessity of personal religion, 'cousin Benjamin,' as we always called him, was one of the first to whom I wrote. His answer was unexpectedly kind and encouraging."

When he was twelve years old, he was deeply serious and earnestly prayerful. A fatherless boy, he looked to his Father in heaven for direction and grace; and his early prayers were not offered in vain. "He will yet be a pious man," was the confident prediction of his venerable relative, in whose office in Salem he passed the novitiate of his successful clerkship, and who lived to see his devout expectations realized.

After the erection of Christ Church, Andover, in the summer of 1837, and the death of his mother the succeeding year, his gracious impressions, as has been already remarked, revived and deepened. When, with some twelve others, he engaged in the difficult enterprise of establishing this church, he does not appear to have been, at first, influenced by those

high and sacred considerations which subsequently swayed his mind. But, as the good work advanced, he was led to ask himself, as we have seen, these questions, Why am I doing what I am? Why am I giving my money to this object? and the answer his enlightened and quickened conscience returned to these probing inquiries, brought him to perceive, that he himself had an undying soul, more precious than all conceivable riches, a soul for which he had not yet cared, and to determine, in the might of our Divine and incarnate Saviour Jesus Christ, to make his own salvation the chief purpose of his future life.

This is, in substance, his own account of the way God turned him to Himself; for he distinctively stated to his Pastor, that the part he took in establishing the Protestant Episcopal church, in this town, and in the erection of its first house of worship, was, to him, through the grace of Christ conspiring, the decisive beginning of his spiritual life.

How true are all the promises of Holy Writ! No one ever tried them, and found them to fail. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and he that watereth, shall be watered himself."

It was in the evening of December 12th, 1838, that, after diligent and prayerful preparation on his part, Mr. Punchard was, in the building towards the erection of which he had contributed so liberally, and in the presence of the congregation and his "chosen witnesses," Abraham and Mary Marland, and John Derby, baptized, by the Rev. Samuel Fuller, Jun., into the faith of Christ crucified.

This public profession of his Christian faith Mr. Punchard, the following Sunday, at the visitation of the Rt. Rev. Alexander V. Griswold, bishop of the Eastern diocese, ratified in the rite of confirmation, and ever after habitually renewed in the holy sacrament of our Lord's body and blood.

Chapter V.

Second failure of health. Visit to England. Description of Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of the poet Shakspeare.

The declining years of Mr. Marland necessarily devolving the largest measure of the care upon his son-in-law, the constant oversight of such an establishment as the Marland Company, pressed so heavily upon the strength of Mr. Punchard, that his health, never firm, yielded a second time, and he was obliged to relax his labor and to leave, for a season, his pleasant home. He was advised to try, again, the effect of a sea-voyage, somewhat protracted, and also the mild summer of Great Britain.

For this reason, he preferred a sailing packet to a steamer, and left New York for Liverpool about the middle of April, 1843.

As we have already spoken of Mr. Punchard as a religious man, it is gratifying to discover with what prayerful feelings he contemplated his voyage and sojourn; how affectionately he recurred to his former Christian privileges, and that he was evidently favored with the refreshing presence of his Saviour, to whose protection and blessing he solemnly committed himself.

While waiting, in New York, for a favorable wind, he thus writes, under date of April 15. As we read such disclosures of his real character, his memory is greatly endeared to us. "May God keep me under the shadow of his wing, be my Physician, and heal me; and restore me to my dear family in safety. I feel that I am unworthy of so much blessing; but I hope I shall serve him better, should he spare me in his mercy.

"This is Easter Sunday. Would that I were well, and spending it with you, in our dear little church. I really hope that you will be well enough to enjoy the service yourself. I went to Grace Church, and enjoyed the prayers, the singing, and the sermon much."

The tedious passage of twenty-seven days was very exhausting to his feeble strength; so that when he, at last, landed at Liverpool, he was reduced, to use his own expressive phrase, to "fever standard."

From Liverpool he hastened through Birmingham and Coventry, some one hundred and thirty miles, to Leamington, in Warwickshire, where he spent several weeks recruiting his enervated health. Leamington is somewhat celebrated for its mineral springs; and, a very pleasant town itself, is surrounded by a delightful region and interesting localities, many of which, as Warwick, the shire town; Warwick, Kenilworth, and Blenheim castles; Stratford-on-Avon; Woodstock, and Oxford, Mr. Punchard visited at his leisure. His account of the day he passed at Stratford-on-Avon, the celebrated birth-place of the poet Shakspeare, contains several things which deserve to be copied; since, even in these days of much travelling, every reader of these pages will not have been in Old England.

"June 3d. After dinner, we proceeded to the old Parish church, which is a noble building, dating back to the Conquest, but within two years repaired at an expense of $35,000. In repairing dilapidated structures, in England, the architects take care not to destroy the ancient style of the buildings. Everything is conformed, as nearly as possible, to the original pattern.

"In this venerable church lie the remains of Shakspeare. They are in the chancel with his wife on his right, and their children on his left side. A bust of the poet is attached to the wall immediately over; while a slab covers the remains, with the following inscription, which I copy 'verbatim et literatim.'

GOOD FREND FOR JESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE
BLESE BE THE MAN THAT SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE THAT MOVES MY BONES.

"The church is two hundred and ten feet long, including the chancel; and contains other ancient monuments and inscriptions. We paid the Parish Clerk and recorded our names in a book. Two pages back was the name of Queen

Adelaide, who had paid a visit a week or two previous.

"We then directed our steps to the house in which Shakspeare was born; and were shewn into the chamber where he first drew breath. The house is a little, low building, about twenty-four feet wide, sixteen or eighteen high, and the floors of the lower rooms are composed of stones. The walls are covered with names, so close that one can hardly get in another. Here also they have albums, of which several are filled; and we also wrote our names again. I observed those of Daniel Webster, Martin Van Buren, Washington Irving, etc.

"The old lady, the present proprietor, who has lived there twenty-two years, shewed us Mr. Irving's, at his *third* visit, and pointed out, on the book, this inscription in his handwriting: —

'Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see.
That where he died, in vain to find we try;
Useless the search: for all immortal he;
And those who are *immortal*, never die.'

"I will here observe, that the house in which he lived during the last part of life, was removed, or taken down, by a clergyman, who purchased the land and building; but so sacred do the citizens consider everything here belonging to Shakspeare, that the purchaser was obliged to quit the place.

"Towards evening, I took a walk down to Shottery, a mile and a half distant, where Shakspeare courted his wife, Ann Hathaway; and a most delightful walk it was, in a path through the fields."

Chapter VI.

Visits to Oxford, and London.

In the renowned city of Oxford, Mr. Punchard passed three days, from the 7th to the 9th of June; and his descriptions of this far-famed seat of learning are as instructive as they are graphic and brief.

"The city has something over twenty thousand inhabitants. The colleges are *twenty* in number, besides *five* Halls, which are on less foundations than the Colleges.

"Most of the Colleges have elegant parks and walks attached to them: some of great extent. For instance, that of Christ Church College has a walk (or mead, so called), on the banks of the river, nearly or quite *two miles in circumference.*

"Christ Church is a 'little world' in itself. The college-buildings occupy four squares; each of them nearly half a mile around. Only think of one mile of buildings belonging to one establishment!

"The cathedral of Christ Church is the cathedral of the diocese, and is ancient and splendid. The pulpit and organ are over two hundred years old. The windows are painted very finely; the subjects all Scriptural pieces. The Prayer Book used in the cathedral is two hundred and seven years old, in scarlet binding and gold clasps.

"The bell, perhaps the largest in the world, weighs seventeen thousand pounds, and its clapper, three hundred and forty-two pounds. Every evening, at ten minutes past nine o'clock, this ponderous bell tolls one hundred and one times —the number of graduates on the foundation.

"We also visited the Library, which is one hundred and forty-two feet long, thirty wide, thirty-seven high, enclosing one hundred and thirty thousand volumes. It likewise contains many splendid pictures; some very costly.

"The Bodleian Library, in a large building by itself, and common to all the colleges, is an immense establishment, and contains not less than four hundred thousand volumes."

The colleges, which thus evidently excited such an interest in the mind of Mr. Punchard, are among the many Christian institutions which are the glory of our father-land, and render it so great a blessing to the world. As we peruse his brief but emphatic notes of his visit to the university founded by Alfred the Great, we cannot refrain thinking that it is possible the sight of these extensive institutions, endowed by the munificence of a host of departed worthies, may have suggested to our observing townsman the idea of establishing, in our midst, a school which might diffuse, in all coming time, a measure of similar blessings.

London, the largest city of Christendom and of the world, is sixty-four miles east of Oxford, and thither Mr. Punchard

hastened at the close of the week in which he had visited and admired so many celebrated colleges and churches.

He passed only a few days in the metropolis of the British empire, and yet in this brief period he saw and noted the most distinguished localities and objects which attract the curiosity and admiration of all travellers.

"London surpasses what I had conceived. Its magnificent parks, and public institutions, and capacious streets at the West End, are enough to strike one with amazement. I stopped at St. Paul's Coffee House, near the celebrated cathedral of that name.

"Saturday, June 10, the day after I arrived, I walked eastward through the principal business streets, Cheapside, Threadneedle, King William, etc.; saw the Bank, a beautiful pile occupying, with the courts, an irregular area of eight acres; the Lord Mayor's Mansion, a magnificent structure; the Monument, erected to commemorate the great fire of A. D. 1666, when the portion of the city burnt over exceeded four hundred acres; Newgate Prison; and several of the Bridges over the Thames—Blackfriars, Southwark, and London.

"Sunday, 11th, I walked, in the morning, a mile and a half to church, and heard an excellent sermon from a minister of the Establishment. The audience, some two thousand persons, three or four hundred of whom were obliged to stand, was very devotional and attentive.

"Monday, 12th. In the morning, visited St. Paul's Cathedral, which covers more than two acres of ground. Saw the monuments to Dr. Johnson, Lord Nelson, bishops Middleton and Heber, John Howard, Sir John Moore, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others. Entered the choir: at the entrance is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of the cathedral. Heard the organ, built in 1694, and esteemed one of the finest in England.

"Then I took an omnibus for the West End. Rode through Fleet Street and the Strand to Charing Cross. From this I walked down to St. James Park, saw the Admiralty Office, and Horse Guards; and then came to Westminster Abbey, nearer the Thames than St. Paul's cathedral, and a little west of Westminster Bridge.

"Passed through the venerable pile; entering at the Poet's Corner. Conducted by a Verger, I saw the monuments

to Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Thompson, 'rare Ben Johnson,' Goldsmith, Gen. Wolfe, William Pitt (the first Earl of Chatham), and Warren Hastings. Passing through the other parts of the immense building, saw monuments to Handel, Watts (very large and fine), Canning, Major Andre (recently erected), Sir Isaac Newton, Granville Sharpe, etc. Although smaller than St. Paul's cathedral, which is the most magnificent Protestant church in the world, Westminster Abbey has five times as many monuments. I stood over the slabs covering the graves of the Henrys and Edwards and others, of the line of kings. Sat in the chair in which Victoria was crowned, as were her predecessors for centuries back. It is very ancient, not costly, and has a plain stone, similar to freestone, under the seat, brought from Scone in Scotland.

"Entered the choir, celebrated for a mosaic pavement of inimitable workmanship. Saw also the flags captured by the British arms, from their enemies (none American).

"Having surveyed this wonderful abbey, I passed over to Westminster Hall, said to be the largest roof, without support from pillars, in the world; two hundred and seventy feet long, seventy-four wide, and ninety high. Here were held the early Parliaments; here the unfortunate Charles I. received sentence of death; and here George IV. entertained four thousand persons at his coronation.

"After dinner, took an omnibus to Oxford Street. Thence walked to a museum in Baker Street — Madam Tussard's, where I saw about one hundred representations in wax, said to be very perfect, of all the principal kings, queens, and warriors of the last fifty years; many of them dressed in the attire they actually wore. For instance: George IV. in the very robes in which he was crowned, and most splendid too.

"Saw the carriage of Napoleon, which was taken at Waterloo, and sat in it; also, Napoleon's swords; held them in my hands; his gold spoons and fork; his repeating-watch, coffee-cup, counterpane, marked with his blood; his camp-bed, on which he died at St. Helena, and the actual cradle of his only son, the king of Rome; very elegant.

"I worked too hard to-day; rode, in omnibusses, eight miles; walked at least five miles; besides being six hours on my feet, walking through buildings, etc.

"Tuesday, 13th. Attended the morning service, in the choir, at St. Paul's cathedral. The chanting and music were very fine.

"In the afternoon, went to the Pantheon, in Oxford Street; an immense establishment for the sale of apparel, curiosities, pictures, splendid plants, birds, etc. The building covers nearly, or quite, an acre; and four hundred persons, mostly females, are required to attend the tables. Saw a species of cactus in bloom, with over one hundred flowers. Price, £10!

"Wednesday, June 14th" [his last day in London], "visited the Tower, at the eastern extremity of the city, and covering twelve acres, skirting the Thames, where are the Armories and Jewel-Office, and where there have been many executions of illustrious persons and numerous murders.

"In the Horse Armory, saw the ancient armor of the Edwards and Henrys, actually worn by them, and likewise that given by the city of London to Charles I. Its exterior is of gold.

"Likewise saw the actual armor of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Its weight is eighty-seven pounds.

"Saw the block on which Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, of Scotland, were beheaded, in 1746; also the axe which beheaded Anne Boleyn, and the Earl of Essex; and the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined twelve years. I was also shown ancient matchlocks, a cannon seventeen feet long, (Queen Anne's Pocket-Piece,) and the staff with which Henry VII. walked the city of London —a staff containing three pistols fired by match, nine spikes, and one spear.

"In the Jewel-House, I likewise saw the crown-jewels, very splendid. Victoria's crown is valued at a million of pounds sterling. Here are several other crowns, and among them those of William IV. and Adelaide. Near them are sceptres and swords of state and justice, besides some vessels of mercy—as the christening and communion plate, of solid gold, used at coronations.

"This collection of royal jewelry, including the largest uncut diamond in the world, is estimated to be worth three millions of pounds, or $15,000,000!"

After leaving the Tower, Mr. Punchard rode to the Thames Tunnel, two miles below London Bridge. The Tunnel had just been opened for foot-passengers. The entrance is sixty feet below the surface. The whole length of the excavation,

under the river, is thirteen hundred feet; its width, thirty-five; and its height, twenty.

He afterwards saw, up the river from the Tunnel, the St. Katherine and London Docks, the most extensive and finest constructions of the kind in the world; the water of the docks covering more than thirty acres of ground. We continue our extracts from his Journal.

"In the afternoon, I took a cab to St. James's Park; saw Buckingham Palace, the winter residence of Queen Victoria. I next walked in Hyde Park, where I saw, in abundance, the carriages of the nobility, with their liveried servants, and the monument to the Duke of Wellington. Afterwards I entered Green Park, and saw Apsley House, the Duke's mansion."

From the pen of another, we add a more extended description of the Parks of London than Mr. Punchard had time to write; especially that of St. James's.

"Through this green grass-covered Park stretches a lake, covered with every species of water-fowls, dotted with islands, and appearing a thing full of life, by the little row-boats that float upon its surface. On the verdant banks of this lake, flocks of sheep are quietly grazing; and a thousand children, full of life and gayety, are playing off their wild gambols. Along beneath the foliage-clad trees, through the serpentine walks on each side of the lake, you might see a mixed multitude strolling at their ease: ladies and nurses, with their several infantile charges, servant-men in livery, lords, bishops, and members of Parliament, merchants and mechanics, princes and peasants; presenting, as each one moves on in his own particular direction, a most animating scene.

"Reflect, that this magnificent Park, embracing within the circle of its extended dimensions so many features of rural scenery, is in the very centre of London, and that, on one side of it, facing one end of the lake to which I have adverted, stands Buckingham Palace, the present residence of England's Queen. Could I adequately describe this beautiful spot, I would not stop at St. James's, but, passing along through Green, I would conduct you to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, where you might wander, for hours, beneath the shade of clustering trees, and over grounds carpeted with the richest green, and by the side of beautiful

sheets of water; and though you would meet with many a group of gayly-dressed men and women, moving to and fro across the wide area before you, you would occasionally reach a nook, where all seemed as quiet and as rural as though you were on one of the great western prairies; yet, all this time, you would be in the midst of London. The beauty of this great metropolis is its noble parks. How true is it, that the works of God are infinitely more lovely and magnificent than the proudest achievements of human art. I have been struck with this, both in Paris and in London. The palaces of the French capital, and the galleries of painting and sculpture, which are the boast of that proud city, struck me not with half the effect as the *gardens of the Tuilleries* and the *Champs Elysées.* And here, though the Bank, the Mansion House, the Terraces, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and a thousand other edifices, can claim great architectural beauty and magnificence, what are they in comparison with the noble parks on the borders of which some of them stand? And yet the green grass, the trees, the rich foliage, and shining waters, that impart to these expanded pleasure-grounds their beauty and attractiveness, are the works of God! O that every view that we take of his works might lead us to love him more."

Mr. Punchard's impressions resembled these; for he says: "I am astonished at the extent and magnificence of London. In the morning, we passed through streets hardly ten feet wide; but in the afternoon, through those which are hundreds of feet across. The former are the places of resort and residence of the people; the latter, of the nobility."

From these graphic descriptions of the Parks of London, we begin to conceive of them as something surpassing, in size, Boston Common, and the Squares of New York and Philadelphia; and yet we are hardly prepared to learn, that the actual measurement of Green Park is *fifty-six acres;* that of St. James's Park, *eighty-seven acres;* and that of Hyde Park, *three hundred and ninety-five acres;* while Regent's Park contains not less than *four hundred and fifty acres.* In view of such surpassing open pleasure-grounds, in the heart of the British metropolis, we need not be surprised at the advice Senator Sumner once gave his American friends, Not to lionize Englishmen when they visit this country.

Chapter VII.

Visit to the North of England and South of Scotland.

On his way from Leamington (to which Mr. Punchard returned after his visit to Oxford and London, and spent two weeks, in taking daily walks in its interesting vicinity) to the Northern part of the island of Great Britain, he successively passed through several towns and cities not unknown to fame; as Rugby, the seat of a famous school, richly endowed, containing four hundred and fifty scholars, and, for many years, superintended by that eminent scholar and author, Dr. Arnold; Bolton Hall, the birth-place of Addison, and his residence for most of his life; Nottingham, the birth-place of the youthful poet, Henry Kirke White; Sheffield, Leeds, visiting Kirkstall Abbey near by; and York, where he admired its cathedral, walking entirely round it and measuring the size of its windows—seventy-five feet long and thirty broad, and attending the service with a congregation of fifteen hundred persons and hearing surpassing music by a large choir and an immense organ, containing 4444 pipes.

Another has, in the following vivid sketch, described the impression made upon entering this cathedral: "If one has not previously beheld

> ——'The high embowed roof,
> With antique pillars, massy proof,
> And storied window, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light,'——

a feeling, to which he must hitherto have been a stranger, will fill his enraptured soul; and even if he has before visited other cathedrals, every edifice he has seen will seem to shrink into insignificance when compared with 'this most august of temples.'

"When the first echo, produced by the tread of the stranger's foot, resounds through the aisles, and the eye first glances down the incomparable vista of five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, an involuntary tremor thrills

through the whole frame, the senses appear overwhelmed by the novel sensation, and a secret power seems to whisper in the ear: 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' The soul rejoices in the amplitude of the vast expanse, 'the immortality that stirs within us' feels as if it had now entered a structure more worthy to be its residence than the dwellings of mortality; and as advance is made up the centre aisle of the nave, the mind is imperceptibly led from 'the house of God,' to the God of the house, to Him 'whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain.' If, whilst the mind is absorbed in these reflections, the pealing of the organ begins to reverberate through the arches of the fabric, the visitor is almost persuaded into the belief that his mortal has put on immortality, and that the celestial attendants are already welcoming his spirit to the region of heavenly bliss:

> 'Then let the pealing organ blow
> To the full-voiced choir below,
> In service high and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes.'"

While in York, which is quite an ecclesiastical city, there being not less than twenty-one parish churches within the walls, and three outside; most of them old, and every one worth going miles to see, Mr. Punchard visited the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, enclosed in a wall with York Museum and an old Roman Castle, where Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor of Rome, was quartered for several years, about the third century of the Christian era. The Abbey, which was destroyed in William the Conqueror's time, formerly covered about five acres. In York there is a beautiful promenade by the river Ouse, and along the walls of the city; the walk commanding fine views of York itself and its noble minster.

Monday, July 10th, Mr. Punchard went from York, by rail-road and stage, sixty-four miles, to the city of Durham,

where he notices, with admiration, the splendid cathedral, the venerable Castle, built by William the Conqueror, now the bishop's palace, and the imposing private residences adjoining. The next day, Tuesday, July 11th, brought Mr. Punchard to Newcastle, where is a Castle erected by a son of William the First.

Wednesday, the 12th, after passing the battle-ground where the Earl of Douglass fell, in the desperate conflict of Otterburne, in 1388, and where a monument stands to his memory, Mr. Punchard crossed the Cheviot Hills, and entered the land of Wallace and Bruce, of Burns and Scott ; the region of thrilling history, and popular romance, stopping at night at Melrose, the seat of a famous Abbey, now in ruins.

His visit to Abbotsford, immortalized as the residence of Walter Scott, Mr. Punchard must be allowed to narrate with his own pen.

" Thursday morning, the 13th, I hired a carriage at Melrose, and, with the Rev. Samuel Washburn and Mrs. Washburn, started for Abbotsford.

" After a delightful ride of three miles and a half, we came in full view of the turreted buildings, on a beautifully swelling eminence. We entered the grounds through a small though delightful park, filled with trees, many of them planted by Sir Walter himself, and a handsome stone gateway, and then began our visit to the Mansion.

" It is at present unoccupied except by two female servants and the gardener; the present Sir Walter being with his regiment in India.

" The Hall, or entrance room, is hung with armor and devices of the ancient Scottish clans. In this apartment we also saw the keys of the noted Tolbooth Prison of Edinburgh, before it was destroyed by the Porteus Mob. The largest key weighed at least seven pounds. The keys were, with the remains of the door, a present to Sir Walter. Here were, likewise, a French standard and Eagle, taken at Waterloo, and given him by George the Fourth, as well as a huge broad-sword, picked up in Bosworth Field, and glass windows beautifully stained and ornamented with coats-of-arms. From the Hall we went to the Breakfast-room, which, with the Dining-room, Drawing-room, and Armory, are all in a

range, with beautiful oak walls, most tastefully carved, and a balustrade around the whole, overlooking the Tweed.

"In the Breakfast-room were books and pictures. In the Dining-room, we noticed five pictures, one of which, the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, taken after her execution, attracted our special attention. In this room stood an elegant table, made from the root of an oak, and presented to Sir Walter by the Duke of Buccleuch; and many other interesting objects.

"In the Armory, we were shown Rob Roy's gun and purse; King James's hunting-bottle of leather; Claverhouse's pistols; a pair of pistols formerly used by Napoleon, given Sir Walter by a French officer; Ofar's double-barrelled rifle; Tippoo Saib's slippers; and numerous other articles of interest.

"The Withdrawing-room is finished entirely with cedar; while the paper was made in China expressly for Sir Walter; each piece varying from the rest in style. In this room is a very large and capital likeness of Sir Walter, with his two dogs; also a bust, given him by Chantry, said to be the best in existence; and a table, covered with a mosaic slab, and supporting a large porcelain vase, presented by Lord Byron; likewise some beautiful ebony chairs, and arm-chairs, and a carved cabinet, the gift of George IV., who was a great patron of the poet.

"In the Library are from fifteen to twenty thousand volumes of books, besides portraits of different members of Sir Walter's family, and also a revolving desk.

"But his Study was, to us, the object of the greatest interest. About two-thirds of the way up its walls, this room has a gallery, which leads to the chamber used by him for retirement, writing, and study. Here we saw his old arm-chair, just as he left it, his desk, lamp, etc.

"Connected with this chamber is a little cabinet, where, in a glass case, are the clothes last worn by him: coat, pantaloons, vest, white hat, etc.; while, hanging around the walls, were his pistols, sword, spurs, etc., which he used as one of the Yeoman Cavalry.

"A very tasteful winding staircase, with stone steps, leads to the top of the building, running round a small tower.

"I was surprised at the minuteness of taste displayed in everything by the recent owner of this delightful seat. There is a fine large garden, with green-houses attached; while the murmuring Tweed, running behind, and the hills

beyond stretching away into mountain summits, make Abbotsford the most romantic spot imaginable.

" Sir Walter died in the Dining-room, which was used as a bed-room during the latter part of his illness.

" Our female guide was very intelligent and communicative ; and we returned to our hotel, in Melrose, well pleased with our excursion."

The evening of the day thus delightfully spent, found Mr. Punchard and his travelling companions in the literary city of Edinburgh, and pleasantly established in Prince's-street, where they remained for five successive days, visiting the interesting objects with which the metropolis of Scotland abounds.

Chapter VIII.

Edinburgh. Rob Roy's Country. English Lakes.

As a New England man, seeing all foreign objects with New England eyes, Mr. Punchard was probably impressed by what he observed when abroad, very much as most of us would be, could we visit Great Britain. For this reason, while reading his accurate journals, we find ourselves deeply sympathizing with his movements, and perhaps unconsciously regarding him as our representative and substitute in all the observations he records. This has been the case hitherto ; and the same conviction will attend us as we accompany him, still farther, in his walks and journeys.

" Edinburgh is the most singularly built city I was ever in. It is built principally upon three elevated ridges or hills, running east and west, with valleys perhaps one hundred and fifty feet deep between, and is connected by bridges, crossing the ravines.

" The Old Town, which occupies the central ridge, has some handsome buildings ; but a greater number of tall ones, not remarkable for elegance. On the northern side of the declivity are houses in which I counted twelve stories, and I was informed that some are fourteen stories high.

" The New Town, built upon the north ridge, is laid out with great regularity, and is very beautiful; having wide

streets, adorned with plantations of trees, and squares, and elegant ranges of buildings. In front of our lodgings, in Prince's Street, is a public garden, extending a whole mile. Just beyond this is one of the valleys I have already mentioned. On the opposite side is Edinburgh Castle, towering high above. It is situated on a lofty, precipitous rock, near four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and probably two hundred feet above us. This elevated rock and its crowning castle are exceedingly picturesque. The castle is accessible only on the eastern side, the other sides being perpendicular, and is garrisoned by a regiment of soldiers.

"At the end of Prince's Street, about three-fourths of a mile south-east from us, is Calton Hill. This I ascended the morning after my arrival, and inspected the monuments there erected to Lord Nelson, to Burns, Scotia's favorite poet, and to Dugald Stewart, the philosopher. On the same commanding hill is the Observatory, and also a National Monument to commemorate the battle of Waterloo, in which so many Scotchmen slept their last sleep. The view from Calton Hill extends for miles, and is magnificent.

"Near by is the Jail, a building of beautiful architecture, which, in a different place, would make a castle.

"Just beyond, with sufficient space not to be associated with the Prison, is the High School, a tasteful range of buildings. In the vicinity are some splendid houses, most of them built of stone.

"Beyond Calton Hill is Arthur's Seat, a hill eight hundred and twenty feet high, and also Salisbury Crags. As you ascend these, you see Jennie Dean's Cottage.

"Between Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat is Holyrood Palace, which I visited the first forenoon I was in Edinburgh. Here I saw the bed of Charles I., and that of Mary Queen of Scots; a chair, embroidered by herself, and a work-table; also a double chair, in which she and Darnley sat to be married. It was a low seat, and covered with green tapestry.

"Adjoining her bed-room is a small cabinet, where, on the 9th of March, 1566, she and the Countess of Argyle sat at supper with David Rizzio, when the conspirators, headed by Lord Lindsay, entered and murdered him. Near by is the secret staircase, through which they came. They first stabbed him in Mary's presence, as he was clinging to her dress for protection. They dragged him through her chamber and despatched him, at the head of the staircase, with

fifty-six wounds. The spot bears visible marks of the blood of the unfortunate Italian; for his dead and weltering body was not removed till morning.

"In the cabinet is Darnley's armor, and likewise a portrait of Rizzio, taken when he was nineteen years old, and brought by himself from Italy. It is one of the finest countenances I ever saw; and if it is a true likeness (and that it is, I have no doubt), I cannot blame Mary for admiring him.

"In visiting the suite of apartments where are the memorials of past strifes and murders, I ascended not less than fifty-seven stone steps. To the traveller who has read anything at all of Scottish history, Holyrood Palace is, in every part, replete with the most thrilling interest."

In his rambles around Edinburgh, Mr. Punchard passed, in High Street (which runs along the ridge occupied by the Old Town), the house where John Knox, the celebrated Scotch reformer, once lived. In the same street he saw the old cathedral church of St. Giles, and speaks of it as "a splendid large building, with a tower similar to a crown." In this church John Knox often preached; and, under the same roof, the Dean of Edinburgh, while attempting (July 23, 1637) to conduct divine service according to the Scots' Liturgy, was driven from the house by an infuriated mob, first set on by the exciting cries of the famous Jenny Geddes.

But we cannot longer tarry in this attractive city, even to visit, with Mr. Punchard, the University, a large pile of buildings, the National Academy, the Royal Exchange, and Heriot Hospital, where poor boys are educated at the expense of a fund; but must hasten, with him, by Dunfermline and Sterling, to Loch Katrine, a lake immortalized by the poetry and romance of Sir Walter Scott.

At Dunfermline, on the northern bank of the Forth, and fifteen miles north-west of Edinburgh, Mr. Punchard visited an old Abbey connected with a new church, and stood over the grave of Robert the Bruce, who, in the fourteenth century, won the battle of Bannockburn and restored the Scottish monarchy. Under the same church are the remains of not less than eight other kings of Scotland; while here are also to be seen the grave and tombstone of Queen Marga-

ret, sister of Edgar Atheling, and wife of King Malcolm; and the grave of Ralph Erskine, the first seceding minister, after the restoration of Charles II.

In the afternoon of the same day, Wednesday, July 19, Mr. Punchard reached Stirling, an ancient city abounding with historical associations, as here kings were born, crowned, and buried; and, in the vicinity, as many as twelve noted battles were fought, while Scotland was struggling to maintain its independence. The prospect, from the top of Stirling Castle, is most enchanting. Looking to the east, you see the Cathedral, the town, the harbor, and the numberless windings of the shining Forth; while, turning to the northwest, you have before you the tops of Ben Ledi, Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, and the whole mountain region of the Grampians.

The next day, Thursday, July 20, after viewing the attractions of Stirling, Mr. Punchard started, in a private carriage, for the lakes and mountains, and rode twenty-one miles to Aberfoil, where our townsman can best recount the incidents of his visit.

"Friday, July 21. Ben Lomond in sight of us, and we are within five miles of Lake Katrine.

"After breakfast, rode about four miles along the Aberfoil road, near Lake Ard, a beautiful sheet of water, and saw the Pass of Aberfoil. We then returned and crossed the mountains, a passage rarely attempted, with two horses, five miles and a half, to Lake Katrine.

Drove to the inn called The Chrocan, near the banks of Loch Achray, and ordered refreshment. After recruiting our strength, we hastened to Lake Katrine, a mile and a half distant. Entered a boat; and, with two highlanders to row us, one of them reciting passages from Scott's Lady of the Lake nearly all the time, we made for Ellen's Isle, at the eastern extremity of the lake; the residence of Ellen Douglass and her exiled father. We landed upon this small island, and ascended to its top, where we had an enchanting view of the Silver Strand mentioned by Scott, and Ben Venue on the south, twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea, and Ben An on the north, with its cone-like summit, inferior in height to its gigantic neighbor. Here we

saw also the Chasm, a narrow dark passage, between the two mountains, where James Fitz-James, according to the poem, lost his gallant gray.

"Lake Katrine is four hundred feet above the ocean, and, in some places, five hundred feet deep; and our sail upon the dark and cold waters of this mountain lake was delightful.

"On returning to the inn, we dined upon trout caught in Lake Katrine, and admired the situation of The Chrocan, surrounded as it is with roses and flowering shrubs and vines, Lake Achray just in front, within a hundred yards, and the towering mountains all around. A more lovely spot cannot be imagined."

This romantic region is sometimes denominated Rob Roy's country, and very justly, since the valley of Glengyle, which from the west end of Lake Katrine, stretches away to the north, was the birth-place of this famous Highland chief.

On leaving the Trosachs, the name borne by the part of the Grampians visited by Mr. Punchard, he returned to Stirling, by Loch Vennachar, a strip of deep, dark water, five miles in length, and Callander, a small village pleasantly situated on the banks of Teith; and the same day, Saturday, the 22d, reached Glasgow, where he spent his second Sunday in Scotland, hearing the distinguished Dr. Wardlaw preach in a towering pulpit, ascended by *nineteen* steps.

Mr. Punchard's route from Glasgow to Liverpool lay through Paisley and Kilmarnock, near which he saw Mosskill, the residence of Robert Burns, and the field where the poet "ploughed up the mouse."

South of Mauchline, our traveller crossed the "water of Ayr," and saw the dell or ravine where Burns wrote one of his popular poems. The scenery around is beautiful.

Old Cumnock, the vicinity of which was the principal seat of the wars of the Covenanters, is the next important place on the road. The house where Dugald Stewart was born, is not far from Cumnock.

Drumlanerick is the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, whose lands are so extensive that they include the town of Thorn-

hill and several villages; and you are riding through his estate for the distance of ten miles.

At Dumfries is the tomb of Burns; while some thirty miles to the east is Gretna Green, where stands the celebrated White Hotel, the substitute for a church in the solemnization of marriage. Soon "the Line," a small stream, between Scotland and England is crossed, and the rail-car hurries you on towards the ancient city of Carlisle, where is a Roman castle and a mediæval cathedral, in which is the tomb of the farfamed Archdeacon Paley.

After leaving Carlisle, Mr. Punchard expresses his admiration of the scenery in the neighborhood of Keswick, as presenting the romantic mountains of Cumberland, and its lakes interspersed.

"Thursday, July 27. Took a boat at Keswick, and had a delightful excursion on Derwent-Water, three miles and a half long, and a mile and a quarter in its extreme breadth, with scattered islets, and Skiddaw rising over head. On landing saw, at Barrow House, a cascade, the Lodore of Southey's muse, one hundred and twenty feet high. Here, too, I had a view of Saddle Mountain, over three thousand feet high, and others of the Cumberland Hills standing close around the lake. Vicar Island is a beautiful object.

"In this vicinity are the poet Southey's late residence, called Greta Hall, and Crosthwaite church, by the side of which he lies buried. His library and paintings were sold only a few days since, and at great prices. A Prayer-Book which cost, originally, but one shilling and sixpence, brought eleven pounds. I obtained some of his handwriting. I could not refrain visiting the lake Derwent-Water a second time; and, ascending a hill close by, had a charming prospect.

"Friday, July 28. In riding on the outside of the coach to-day, from Keswick to Lancaster, I passed Beeswater, Grassmere, in a sweet valley, the town of Ambleside, Rydal Water, Windermere, and Kendall. Near Rydal Water, saw Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth the poet. Windermere, embosomed in mountains, is the largest lake in England, although not as attractive as Derwent-Water. Near Ambleside, and between the lakes Rydal Water and

Windermere, are many delightful seats, and the scenery is everywhere enchanting."

We have thus accompanied Mr. Punchard in his delightful excursions, in England and Scotland, with the hope that the sketches exhibited may excite in the members of the school, founded by his generosity, a desire to study the history of the places he visited. He has merely indicated the doors leading to well-furnished apartments of knowledge. If others, by finding the portals ajar, shall be induced to enter and enrich themselves with the accumulated contents, we shall not have journeyed together, even to this stage of our progress, without our reward.

Chapter IX.

Consummation of his purposes. Last illness and death.

When Mr. Punchard returned from England, in August, 1843, his renovated health enabled him to engage in his previous business with increased vigor.

For years he had cherished the intention of erecting a mansion, which should be in accordance with his wants and tastes. After no little preparation, during the preceding years, he completed his design ; and, in 1846, established himself in the commodious and elegant house which was to prove to him his death-place.

Perhaps the labor and anxiety attending this undertaking exceeded the strength of his delicate constitution ; for, in 1848, he was again prostrated in health, and this to such a degree, that he considered it necessary for him to devise his property, and to seek, once more, a milder climate. The experiment was salutary ; and he returned home from Philadelphia, in the spring, with the confident expectation that a long life of health and enjoyment was in reserve for him.

But his expectation was soon disappointed. New bodily infirmities manifested themselves. A painful and exhausting surgical operation was deemed indispensable ; and he

was, for many tedious and distressing weeks, confined, not only to his room, but to his couch. The year 1850 opened upon him doubtfully. He was partially restored ; and the recollection of the benefits he derived from his former sojourn at the South, induced him to repeat the journey. Pale, thin, enfeebled, he left the comforts of his home to experience the discomforts of hotels and boarding-houses, and the exhaustion resulting from protracted rides in rail-cars. He lingered, by the way, at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and Charleston, and went as far as Savannah. He had gone beyond his strength. The infirmities of his whole adult life were concentrated for a fatal assault. The spring of life was broken. Recovery was impossible.

It is painful to peruse the letters, sometimes almost illegible, from his feeble hand and failing sight, which he, during the latter weeks of his absence, sent to his family.

" Could I spend next Sunday in Andover, I would give the best one hundred dollars I ever had. Nothing, in my opinion, but sitting down quietly at home will restore me, even if that will. I have neither appetite nor digestion, and sick to death of the manner in which I live. Many invalids come out South, and suffer for what they leave behind.

" My eyes trouble me very much. At Weldon, I had to get a black boy to pilot me from the station to the hotel. I am just in that state when there seems to be a sinking of the system, and no food nourishes me. I have had a lesson, I assure you. Would that I were at home ; but I must keep up as much heart as possible, and try to be satisfied with what the Lord, in his wise providence, sends me. This is a most unfortunate journey for my health ; but it may do me good as a man, and mend my disposition. I do not complain much, but probably think the more. I must submit with patience ; and if this is the last, so it must be. I am in the hands of God, who orders all things well."

The sad finale to this distressing drama, was not long delayed. Mr. Punchard, in great debility both of body and mind, reached the home for which he had so affectingly mourned, the 14th of March. Everything which medical skill and affectionate care could attempt, was done for him ;

but to no effect. His powers were exhausted; and after lingering until the 4th of April, he expired, surrounded by his weeping family and relatives, and while the minister who had baptized him, and often broken to him the bread of life, was commending his departing spirit into the almighty hands of his gracious Redeemer and Saviour.

His funeral was the following Sunday, the 7th, attended in Christ Church; when, in a discourse founded upon these words of Christ — "Be ye also ready; for, in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh" — the subjoined observations were made.

Chapter X.

Mr. Punchard's character.

"This is the solemn language with which our Saviour addresses each one of us, at all times; but most forcibly on this sorrowful occasion, when we are assembled to bear, to their long rest in the silent grave, the remains of a prominent citizen, who filled a large space in this community; an exemplary and useful Christian, whose unexpected death his fellow Christians deeply deplore; and one of the pious and generous founders, members, and patrons of this important church.

Of the deceased as a man of intelligence and energy, of decision and enterprise, of activity and integrity, of prudence and taste, it is hardly necessary now to speak, since his residence of nearly twenty years in this village, has rendered his excellences, in these respects, familiar to this whole neighborhood; and yet I cannot refrain giving my own impressions of his character as a man.

In the native qualities of his mind and heart, there was a happy combination of acuteness and strength, of kindness and benevolence. Modest and retiring, he rather avoided than courted public life; while in the formation and prosecution of his plans, he was sagacious and prudent, decided and persevering. Uniting practical good sense with great strength of will and stability of purpose, he was quick to

decide and prompt to execute. These qualities, so essential to success in every pursuit, were, in him, adorned by a refined taste, and guided, in the last years of his life, by the habitual desire of being rendered useful to others.

Respecting his character as a disciple of the incarnate Son of God, I must attempt a more full and definite sketch; for, while not a few of us will have occasion, so long as we live, to remember with gratitude his great kindness; yet his Christian experience and example is the rich treasure he has left to every one; and by which all may be admonished and benefited.

In the piety of our departed brother, there were several characteristics, which may God give us all grace to remember, and sedulously to imitate.

The deceased entertained a profound sense of his responsibility to his almighty Lord. After years of exertion, self-denial, and bodily infirmity, he at length found himself in a successful and lucrative business. But as his pecuniary means, through the blessing of Providence, increased, his feeling of obligation to his heavenly Father seems to have increased in corresponding proportion. To his minister he repeatedly observed: "I habitually endeavor to appropriate to myself that affecting petition in our Litany — "Good Lord, deliver us, *in all time of our prosperity;*" thus showing how fully he realized the spiritual dangers attending prosperity, not less than adversity; from which dangers he constantly prayed to be delivered; lest he should neglect his Christian vows, forget his Saviour, and lose his own soul.

The deceased also often expressed to his minister *the desire to be made, by God, an instrument of blessing to his fellow-men.* This pious desire he was allowed to see, in some measure at least, gratified. To his own family he was most faithful, kind, and indulgent; maintaining domestic worship, and striving to place before his household the pattern of a consistent Christian life. To his extended circle of relatives, many of whom Providence had deprived of other advisers and protectors, he endeared himself strongly; being to some truly an affectionate and provident son; to others,

a devoted brother and unwearied friend, a wise counsellor, and a safe guardian. Had he, then, lived merely for his family and relatives, he would not have lived without conferring great and lasting benefits.

But his Christian affection took a much wider range; for he loved, with an enlarging and undying love, the church into which he had been baptized. To the church of the Redeemer he, accordingly, gave not only his prayers, but freely and systematically of his worldly substance. Nor, in contributing towards the erection of this house of God, were his pious wishes by any means frustrated. Precious souls have here already been born and prepared for heaven; and these priceless fruits of the Lord's perfecting, are but sure pledges of the continued harvest which he will hereafter, within these hallowed walls, gather unto the praise and glory of his transforming and renewing grace.

The piety of him, whose sudden removal from this life we all deeply lament, was marked by another valuable trait, which must not be overlooked in this imperfect outline of his Christian character. *Habitual distrust of himself.* It is presumed, no minister of his ever heard him express any very strong confidence respecting his spiritual state. He firmly believed in Christ, in his deity, in his expiatory atonement, and meritorious and justifying sacrifice, and in his almighty power to save; and yet he felt himself to be an unworthy sinner, saved only by the grace of the Divine Word made flesh, and not by any righteousness or merits of his own. Among the very few observations he was able to make, during his last week with us, was this remark: "I deserve nothing of God; but I cast myself into his merciful hands;" at the same time regretting that his Christian life had not been one of greater devotedness and zeal. He felt and acknowledged himself an unprofitable servant, while he still confided in the mercy of his heavenly Master. He likewise painfully appreciated the spiritual hindrances he had experienced from his incessant and engrossing cares; and desired to live, if God would permit, that he might have a longer space to prepare for his great change. But an inscrutable Providence had or-

dered differently; and to this sovereign decision he bowed with quiet submission, and expired, so far as his friends could judge, in tranquillity and peace."

When these remarks were uttered at his thronged funeral, the speaker was not aware of the manner in which Mr. Punchard had disposed of his property; and consequently, justice was not done his benevolent affections and generous liberality. When his Will was opened, it appeared that the same affectionate interest he had ever manifested for the welfare of the church, of which he had been repeatedly both a Vestryman and a Warden, was still farther evinced by a bequest of $7,000; the interest of $5,000 of which is to be permanently applied towards the support of the Rector.

Besides the large fund of $70,000, to found the Free School, which bears his name, there were other bequests and residuary legacies to Missionary and other Christian societies, amounting to more than ten thousand dollars.

In addition to these sums, there are in his Will legacies "appropriated," on certain contingencies, "for the establishment of an Asylum, in Andover, for the benefit of orphans and indigent children."

Nor was it known, until after his decease, what a diligent and prayerful student of the word of God he had been for many years. In all his wanderings, the Bible was his constant companion; and the worn pages of his own pocket-copy show how incessantly he there held intimate communion with his Redeemer and Lord. In establishing his Free School, he has made the daily perusal of the Sacred Oracles, and the daily oblation of the Lord's Prayer, both by the teachers and scholars, the indispensable conditions on which they can enjoy his benefactions. From his own daily experience, he knew the priceless value of the Inspired Volume, and of access to the mercy-seat; and he would have all whom he could influence drink habitually at the same living, purifying, and refreshing fountain, and learn to call at all times by diligent prayer for God's special grace.

It is, then, our high privilege to present the Founder of our Free School as a pattern of the moral virtues and Chris-

tian graces we desire our children and every fellow-citizen to possess and cultivate. We all admire his munificence; let all, at the same time, imitate not only this, but every other excellence of his character, as well as labor and pray to acquire and perfect every habit manifested in his renewed and pious life.

Every summer since his departure from this world, have his bereaved family watered the grass and cherished the flowers carpeting and overshadowing his premature grave. May his loved memory be ever green and flourishing! May his fragrant example ever be, to all eyes, bright and captivating; to all hearts, admonitory and refreshing!"

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labors, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

As time rolls on, and his friends and associates, in whose recollection he still lives, pass successively away, and there remains no one who remembers him; the citizens of Andover may desire to know something of the personal appearance of the man, who is thus so largely benefiting the town: for their gratification, we subjoin the following.

MR. PUNCHARD was of medium height, measuring five feet and nine inches, and rather slightly built. When in his very best health, his weight was only one hundred and fifty pounds: ordinarily, it was much less. His complexion, hair, and eyes, were dark; the latter, small, deep-set, and piercing. His head was large, and his forehead high, full, and projecting. His figure was erect and commanding; his step quick and firm; his voice high-toned; and his speech, prompt, accurate, and rapid.

MEMOIR

OF

BENJAMIN HANOVER PUNCHARD,

THE FOUNDER

OF

THE PUNCHARD FREE SCHOOL,

ANDOVER, MASS.,

Who died April 4th, 1850, in the 51st year of his age.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE TOWN.

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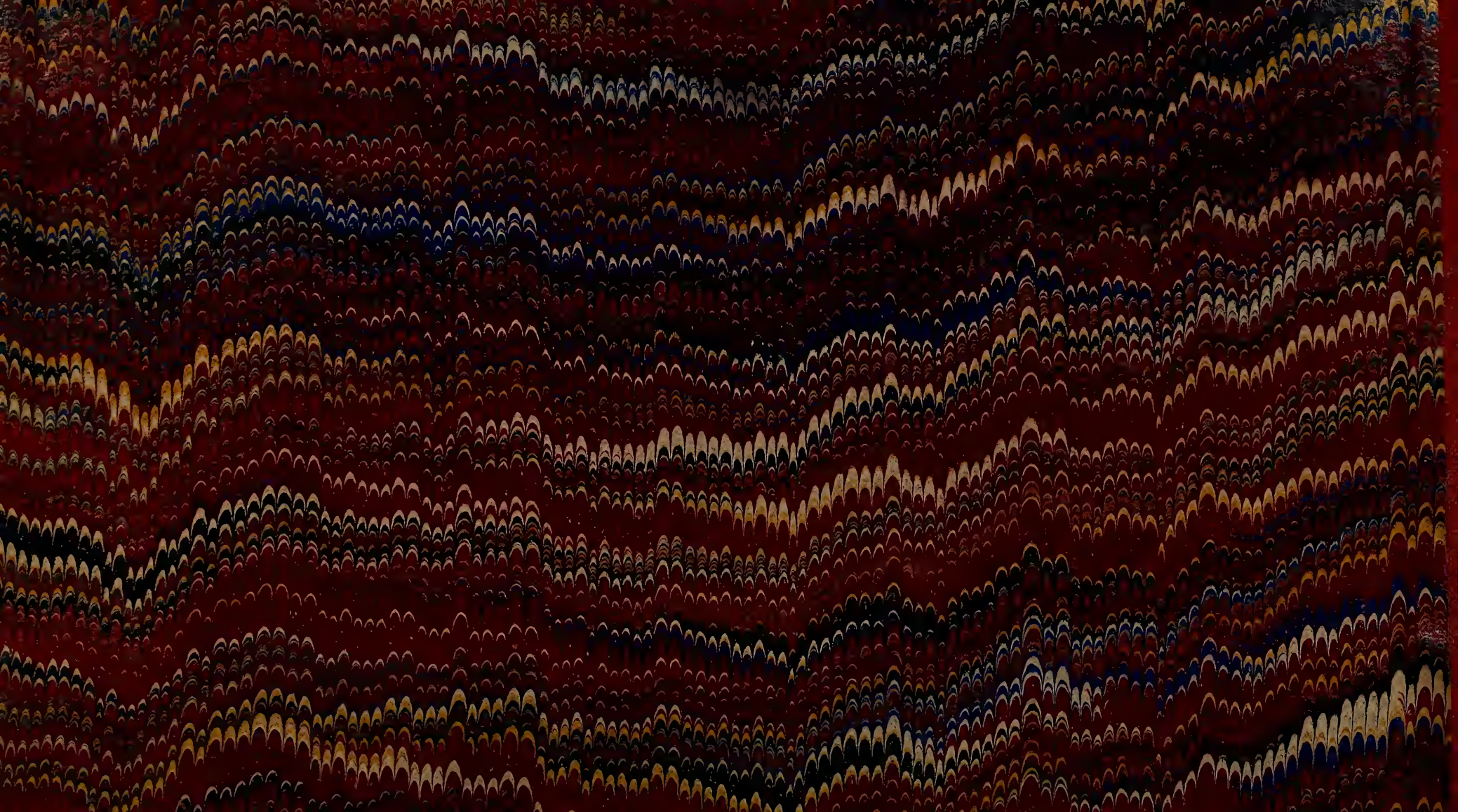

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